

GO WITH

THE GOSPEL



This Pamphlet will introduce our work to the many
friends that have become interested in our
newly discovered fields in the

PHILIPPINES
AND
BORNEO



THE BOARD

The U. T. M. of the Phillipines and Borneo is a faith mission, fundamental and evangelical, having as its objective to reach those tribes who heretofore have not had a chance at the Gospel. Your prayers are coveted for this great task. All gifts received go to the cause designated by the donor, otherwise put directly for the support of the workers, half for the Phillipines and half for Borneo. There is no administrative expense other than the occasional printing and mailing of these bulletins to tell our friends of the work.



THE FIELDS AND WORKERS

PHILIPPINES—The Philippine Mission (Bethel Station) has its headquarters at MALAYBALAY, BUKIDNON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, which is in the very heart of Mindanao, the largest island of this group, a strategic point from which a large area can be reached. The Workers are:

REV. and MRS. HENRY W. DeVries—Moody graduates

MISS BEATRICE M. KEUR—Moody graduate

MISS RHODA LITTLE—Trained Nurse

MR. and MRS. C. KINANTAO, Native workers formerly employed in U. S. Government Schools.



BORNEO—The Borneo headquarters is at BENGKALANG VIA SINGKAWANG, WEST BORNEO, DUTCH EAST INDIES. The field comprises the West Division of Borneo, an area equal to that of Michigan. The white missionaries are REV. and MRS. JOHN G. BREMAN, graduates from the N. Y. Bible School, whose work is enhanced by natives.



HOME ADDRESS—

Herman Friesma, Treasurer, 1244 Terrace Street,
Muskegon, Michigan.

THE PHILIPPINE MISSION

In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers,
in perils of the heathen, in perils of wilderness 2 Cor. 11:26.

As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, as poor, yet making rich, as having
nothing and yet possessing all things. 2 Cor. 6:10.



Rev. Henry W. DeVries and Family

In these words of Saint Paul we see the very heart of pioneer missionary work laid bare. They speak volumes. Each word is pregnant with meaning. Every pioneer missionary re-inacts in his own heart and life these experiences of Saint Paul.

The first years of the work in Malaybalay, Bukidnon, P. I. might well be described by these verses from book of Corinthians. Perils of heathenism, Catholicism, loneliness, bodily weakness, waters, "killers," snakes, diseases, and superstition were the portion of our dear missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Henry DeVries. Thank God the second verse of Scripture was also true in their experiences, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. as having nothing yet possessing all things."

The history of this work in the Philippines is as fascinating as a fairy tale in

childhood days. Would that space would permit going into the details of that work. It would grip the hearts and inspire all readers to deeper intercessory prayer-life and more consecrated and sacrificial giving for the cause of missions.

The following excerpts from the letters of our missionaries will give you a graphic picture of the work from the pioneer days until the present time.

"After spending a week in Manila, upon our arrival in the Philippines, we went to Zamboanga. We did not know where we were going to locate, but we did know we were on the island of Mindanao, and that somewhere in the interior we were called to minister.

"We did not, however, find a way into the interior while in Zamboanga, for we were compelled to go north for medical care and to the mountains for a cooler climate. This seemed strange to us, for it was taking us away from the place we felt the Lord wanted us to work. However, while we were in Bagino we met the superintendent of the Bukidnon schools. He gave us needed information about this place and told us how to get there. We spent the first seven weeks in Malaybalay in

his home. As we look back on that first year in the islands, we see how good God was to keep us from coming to this isolated place with no knowledge of living conditions and the character of the people.

"When we came again to this island to the port of Cagayan, we were met at the boat by members of the American Board Mission. After a few days we got into an old forlorn Ford with our seven months old son and started for Malaybalay, just six years ago. We reached Malaybalay just before dark and in a pouring rain. It did not look like a very likely place at first view, and we wondered that it could be the capitol of the province. We found later that it was typical of the province and people. Poor, oppressed, benighted, bound by superstition and spirit worship. As we learned more of the Bukidons we realized how near the zero line they were living, and humanly speaking, beyond hope. However, the Lord had led us so definitely that we never once doubted that we were in the right place.

"The very next day after we arrived we were reminded that we had entered Satan's territory and that he would put up a strong fight to keep us from remaining on his ground. The house we had rented was refused and the first seven weeks we spent in the house of the superintendent of schools. However, after much parleying we were able to secure the house in question by paying four times the normal rent.

"We held meetings in the house; Bible school and service on Sunday and a men's Bible on Saturday evening, but the Jesuit priest began fighting us from the beginning. He was faithful to his creed and his master, the Devil. He stirred up much antagonism. Shortly before Christmas he gathered the people for a procession. They stopped in front of our house just as our meeting was about to begin and held a condemnation service. This marked the end of our Gospel service and Sunday school for weeks to come, but it led us out among the wild and primitive folk in the forest and mountains beyond.

"Soon after we were ordered to leave the house we occupied and there was not even a shack or a hut we could secure but even this proved a blessing for the Lord gave us a house a half a mile out of town in a beautiful location, which is the site of our present mission station. The house was an old native house of one room and a grass roof but it was to be our home and we were very happy.

"It was indeed a hard and tedious task to gain an entrance into the homes of the people. But through patient perseverance and God's grace the timid people who were our neighbors began to gain confidence in us. We cared for the sick and gave clothing to the mothers for their babies and children. It was a slow beginning, the people were so primitive, so superstitious, so bound by fear of the evil spirits that it was hard for even a little light to penetrate into the darkened souls. And so we toiled on from day to day and then it became necessary for us to return to America for a much needed rest. We were indeed sorry to leave and wondered why the Lord did not strengthen our bodies, but in this as in everything else we realized that God knew best.

"The Lord used our stay in the homeland as a means to create a new interest among the people there and the people here came to miss the only ones who were willing to help them when they were in trouble.

"There was a new note of confidence among the natives when we returned. We could feel a friendliness on the part of some. There were many more opportunities to speak in nearby villages and in every way work opened up to us.

"On our itinerary trips we have no fixed program for the people of the interior are nomadic, but when possible we take advantage of gath-

erings of all kinds such as weddings, funerals, and their different religious feasts as an opportunity to preach the Gospel.

"There is a certain amount of danger attached to traveling out on the trails for the 'killer' still lurks in the forest. There are other dangers such as the treacherous trails, the deadly cobra, poisonous insects, and sleeping in diseased ridden native huts. I travel on horseback and bring a blanket, mat, and mosquito net, few cans of sardines, salmon or



Philippine Natives

beans, and medicines for first aid. Every trip is an adventure, the trail is never the same nor are the villages we visit for we may find them filled with people or entirely deserted. As long as the Bukidnons and Manobos are nomads these conditions will exist.

"The way to Silae, a village to the northeast, is very treacherous though the distance is less than fifteen miles. Following the mountain stream as our trail we noticed black clouds coming over the ridge and that meant a heavy rain so we were forced to seek shelter for the night. We found a house in a sort of a cove in the mountain side, the abode of a family who were the only survivors of the nearby village that had been wiped out by the 'killers' a few years before. An old chief showed me his spear and told me to sleep well for he would keep an ear open for the 'killers' and protect me. Before retiring I told them about the Lord until nearly midnight. They listened eagerly to the Gospel story, told them for the first time. At about four A. M. I heard them talking, they were sitting on their heels around the fire and were talking over the new and wonderful story they had heard the evening before. We praised and thanked God that the storm had delayed our journey thus giving this old chief the opportunity of hearing the Gospel.

"After our return from America we were able to realize a long felt desire to build a dormitory. This was done quite easily as transportation was better and building material easier to get. Then came days of waiting. Would any girls come? We sent word to every school and told everyone we could and prayed that the Lord would send the girls whom He wanted here. He not only sent them but he sent someone to look after them. We had been back in the station less than a year when a cable came telling us Miss Keur was coming. Our happiness knew no bounds when another cable came to say that our friend, Miss Little, was coming, too."

MISS KEUR JOINS THE DEVRIES FAMILY



Miss Beatrice M. Keur

"It was upon hearing of the great need of these people for the Gospel through lips of Mr. and Mrs. DeVries that my heart was strangely stirred," writes Miss Keur. "A struggle followed, for from my childhood I had wanted to go to Africa. After much prayer my heart yielded to God and He gave me grace to say, yes to His way. I began preparing myself to go to the Philippines. Every need was supplied and then as if to seal my going, He wondrously called Miss Little to go with me.

"Upon arriving at the field we realized that God had brought us here at just the right time. The work was becoming too much for Mr. and Mrs. DeVries to carry on alone. It became evident, too, that the time was ripe for starting regular services at the station. This was quite impossible with only the two here, for Mr. DeVries was away on trips a good share of the time, leaving Mrs. DeVries with all the duties at the station. Then, too, the Lord had opened the way for a dormitory for the girls and someone was needed to help with that, so we can see the working out of His great plan in bringing us here.

"The dormitory has been a great source of joy to us all. Last year there were six girls, four of them returned this year. Fourteen more have come this year. They sleep in a building about eighteen by twenty feet, on long bamboo beds, each girl having her own mat, blanket and pillow. Another building, the same size, consisting of one room is used as a dining room and study hall. There is also a small kitchen, where the girls cook their own food.

"Twice a day, in the morning and in the evening, the girls have a Bible lesson. We ask God's people to join in prayer for this part of the work.

"Our Sunday school has grown from twenty-five until now each week we have from seventy to a hundred attending regularly. At first the meetings were held in DeVries' living room but as the number increased the room became too small. Then we moved under DeVries' new house and shall continue to do so until the new chapel is completed.

"About four months ago the Lord opened the way for a similar meeting, in the afternoon, at the barrio of Kasisang. There again we are privileged to reach about seventy. We have our meetings in one of the homes in the barrio; some sitting on benches, and the rest squatting on the floor around us. They are very interested and they love to sing. We teach them a Bible verse each week, praying as we do, that seed may fall in good ground.

"Shortly after the Sunday school work was begun a Sunday afternoon service was started for the purpose of reaching the High school students. Because of our contact with the young people through the dormitory girls we desired to reach more with the Gospel. They take a

great deal of interest in participating in this meeting by telling the Bible story in their own native way.

"One of the things that impressed us when we first arrived was the sad life of the women here. Their lives are one continuous round of hard work and they are engrossed in superstition and fear. Many are forced by their parents to marry when still very young. Our hearts went out to these dear women and we longed to help them in a more definite way so we began to pray about it. It was not long before the Lord made possible a women's class. We gather in one of the women's home and for an hour we have Bible study and prayer, after which we spend another hour making garments for their children. We have blessed times together, and we believe that some of them have passed from death unto life."

When we think of the wonderful way the Lord has blessed the medical work our hearts greatly rejoice. Miss Rhoda Little writes as follows:



MISS LITTLE FILLS A LONG FELT NEED



Miss Rhoda Little

"I had taken nurse's training for the purpose of fitting myself for the service of the Lord. The year after I completed my training I was engaged in district nursing. During this time the Lord spoke to me concerning the need in the Philippines. Shortly after this I met Miss Beatrice Keur and she was preparing to sail very soon, alone, for the Philippines. At once, His will became very clear to me. I stated my willingness to go as a missionary and I was accepted by my own church. In a most wonderful way my every need was supplied. Within a very short time we were on our way.

"The medical work of the Mission has been greatly blessed not alone in bringing relief and restoring health to many sufferers but also in the many opportunities we are constantly finding to bring the Word of Life to those who otherwise would never hear.

"After Mrs. DeVries returned for her second term she was treating all those who came for medical aid on the front porch of her home. I continued to do so until the dispensary rooms were completed under the new home of Mr. and Mrs. DeVries. Now there are two large rooms just for that purpose well equipped. Here from morning until evening the sick are being cared for. During the last five months two thousand four hundred patients have been treated. Through this means homes have been reached that would have otherwise been closed. Many opportunities are given to sow the word while their physical need is being taken care of.

"Once a week a clinic is held in a neighboring village. The people gather at eight o'clock and after listening to the message receive the medicine they need. I am kept busy for an hour or two giving out tablets for fever, medicine for cough, treating sore eyes, dressing boils, bandaging wounds and treating skin diseases.

"At the Dispensary we are treating an average of twenty patients a day. This does not include the house calls, and seldom a day passes

without our visiting some home. At the clinics we see between twenty and thirty persons in one morning."

"It is wonderful to see how the work is progressing," writes Mr. DeVries. "After a long time of waiting and perseverance permission has been granted to hold daily Bible classes in the government schools. Mr. Kinantao, our native worker, is the teacher and he seems well adapted for the work. This gives us an opportunity to reach many that otherwise would be out of our bounds. In spite of the fact that these classes are held during the noon hour, eighty per cent of the pupils attend.

"Miss Keur is instructing Mr. Kinantao in the Word of God and he is making rapid strides in growth in grace as he advances in his knowledge of the Bible. We also praise God for Mrs. Kinantao who has turned from Catholicism to saving faith in the Lord.



CHAPEL UNDER CONSTRUCTION



Chapel under construction

"Through the wonderful grace of God our Mission Station now has seven buildings. Sunday, August 30th, was a big day for our mission. On that day we dedicated our seventh and last new building. Bethel Mission Church, the first Protestant Church in Bukidnon. It was beautifully decorated with green foliage and flowers. The weather was delightful and the Church was filled to overflowing. We carried in every available bench, soap box, and board. Every space was taken and many stood up outside the building. Over three-hundred listened very attentively to a

three hour program. I wish, my friends in the home-land, that you could have heard the singing. It was thrilling indeed to hear God's praises sung in the midst of Satan's stronghold. The presence of the Holy Spirit was clearly evidenced in the reverence with which the people listened to the messages. Our hearts overflowed with deep gratitude to our Heavenly Father for His goodness. Our prayer is that many in this dark community may find this little church to be the very 'House of God'.

"Pray, dear Christian friends, pray without ceasing. Satan's forces are all arrayed against us but thank God He is mightier than all.

"May God grant you much joy and peace as you daily intercede for these precious souls and may our Lord incline your hearts to lay large and precious gifts upon His altar for the work in His vineyard."

"Yours in the Master's Service,

HENRY DeVRIES
MRS. HENRY DeVRIES
BEATRICE KEUR
RHODA LITTLE

VOLUNTEERS FOR BORNEO

A couple to relieve the Bremans in Borneo is urgently needed, and we cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that some couple should go forward soon. The amount required to send a couple out will be approximately \$1000.00, of which \$600.00 has been made available. The monthly support will be about \$60.00 to \$75.00. The Gospel is the only answer to the depression, so we feel bold in presenting this matter to you. Rev. and Mrs. Breman have been working faithfully for more than five years alone in the vastnesses of Borneo. Their health has been impaired through their devotion to their work, and they should be relieved from this weariness and fatigue. We are placing this matter before you squarely, and are willing to be a channel through which you can act. Next to God we have no other recourse than to those who love Him and His cause. If you respond to this call, a couple will soon be on the way to help a distressing situation.



Miss Spannenburg and Mr. VanderSteen

Among those who have volunteered to go are Mr. Jac. VanderSteen and Miss J. A. Spannenburg, of the Hague, Netherlands. These dear people are now under consideration and the Board is making it a matter of prayer to see if the Lord has directed our way. Others are also under consideration, who are eager to go and have warm hearts for the cause. They are waiting upon you to catch the vision to launch out in a definite program to bring back the Bridegroom in this generation.

Will you volunteer something toward the passage and support of the couple that will go forth? Great movements are stirring the countries of the Orient and with each new uprising there are new openings to be filled. Let us hurry in with the Gospel before Bolshevism, Moham-medanism or Modernism reap the harvest. America will soon have these issues at its front door, unless we succeed in keeping it at bay by the only known weapon—the Gospel.



“Stir me, O stir me. I CARE NOT how,
But stir my heart in passion for the world.
Stir me TO GIVE, TO GO, but **MOST TO PRAY:**
Stir, till the blood red banner be unfurled
O’er lands that still in deepest darkness lie,
O’er lands where no cross is lifted high.”

THE BORNEO MISSION



Rev. and Mrs. John G. Breman

It is now over five years ago since Rev. and Mrs. John G. Breman ventured out to that island which has become famous through its legends about headhunters. There are other islands, such as the Philippines, in which headhunting is practiced, but one nearly always associates headhunting with the wild men of Borneo, known as the Dyaks.

Rev. Breman writes that although there is much exaggeration and twisting of the actual facts, it is nevertheless true that headhunting even today is still being practiced. The further one goes into the interior the more one comes in contact with the real aborigenes of the islands. Through the leeching of the Chinese traders on the Coast, the Dyak has drawn himself further and further into the interior, and along the coast one encounters Chinese, Javanese, Malay and Dyak people, while in the interior vastness one dis-

covers the real native as he has perhaps existed for a long period stripped of the encroachments of civilization.

The Dyak consider headhunting as a necessity, in order to secure spirits to send after someone of their own people who has died. It was chiefly considered the duty of the relatives to go on a headhunting expedition in order to secure scalps. It was thought that in the hereafter their own deceased would require weapons, ornaments and principally heads, which become the servants of the spirits in the future realm. Oftentimes a headhunting expedition is started from what is interpreted to be the decision of the spirits, and through it many feuds are settled by attacking those with whom the aggrieved party is on the outs.

The headhunting Dyak never lays hands on members of his own tribe or village, but especially tries to get even with those with whom it is known that he is at loggerheads. An attack is generally made from ambush and the victim is attacked from behind. For this occasion the Dyak uses a weapon known to them as the "prang" and a spear. After a headhunter returns to his village, generally a festival ensues, and the joy of his friends is unbounded. First of all the head is placed on a large

urn or crock and they all engage in a wild dancing orgy. Then the head is carried to the river, where the brains are cut out of the scalp, while men and women bathe themselves in the bloody water. Subsequently the head is dried and with much ado and pomp brought to the Dyak assembly place, where it is given a place together with the rows of heads that have become blackened with smoke from former illfated victims. The heads are treated with utmost respect, in order to appease the spirit of the victim, and often rice and other eatables are brought as a sacrifice to the scalp. Many of the heads are beautifully tattooed and engraved before the festivities are abandoned.

Rev. Breman stated: "We now have in our possession two of these heads, and I hope to be able to show them on my return to the States. When I secured these scalps I had to carry them for some distance home as I was unable to get someone to do it for me, and at the various villages we passed through obeisance was made to the heads by the natives out of fear and they predicted that some ill might befall me. Of a truth, I did get sick before I got home, but I still doubt whether the rice they gave me was wholesome."



Rev. Breman showing Dyak skulls
secured from head hunters

It was in 1916 that a native from the Island of Sumatra first brought the message of salvation to this vicinity of Borneo. His name was Hermanoes Huta Galoeng, acting under the auspices of the Methodist Mission. He first contacted the Chinese traders, whose children he taught the Malay language, and through this channel he made acquaintance with the Dyaks from the hinterland. He was transferred to a post at Pak Mi-ong Theo, where a school and Church was built and quarters for the teacher. He gathered the native children from three or "kampongs" or villages, and tried to interest the parents in his church services besides caring for their sick and providing rice for the destitute. One of the Chinese traits is to buy rice from the native at harvest time, and sell it back to him when the supply in the kampongs becomes exhausted at profiteering

prices. The missionary found a great opportunity to help the natives by tiding them over during the draught season. The post in question is one of the outstanding achievements by the natives. Hermanoes helped the natives get started with rice fields, planted vegetables, started a rubber

garden, begun a herd of cattle, and they are now almost self-supporting. When the Methodists withdrew their interests from Western Borneo to concentrate their efforts elsewhere, the natives carried on their work in the school and church and continue to flourish without close contact from white missionaries.

The Dyaks from other kampongs have long been asking that teachers be sent and at Soengai Batoeng another school had been started by the Methodists but was turned back to the Government, which in turn has given the direction of it to Rev. John G. Breman. We are sure that the Dyak work will grow if good teachers of their own race or of the Battaks are sent among them. Not only reading and writing Malay, but working in gardens and rice fields will advance the moral, physical and spiritual condition of the Dyaks of West Borneo.

More than five years ago Rev. and Mrs. Breman set off where a small amount of pioneering had been done to carry on the work intensively and reach further and further into the great region that lies back of us, for it must be understood that the entire island of Borneo comprises an area equal to one-tenth of the United States. Rev. Breman reports: "The work is growing by leaps and bounds, which is our great source of joy. The Word is brought in various ways with great zeal by the native workers that have been trained. There is something that thrills me in the depth of my heart when I see these wild men gathered about the Word. Only a short time back they were the roaming headhunters and without Christ in their hard-pressed and meager existence.

Dear people, carry on with this great work with more energy than ever before. There are souls, precious Dyak souls, being won for His Bride. He who has bought us with an unspeakable price, and who has fulfilled ALL for us, bids us go on. Have we sacrificed at all, when we compare our work with the supreme sacrifice on Calvary? Have we stood by even with a small fraction of His faithfulness? Our answer is "No!" Couldn't we, who are driven by His Holy Spirit, accomplish greater things? Let us not look at our own limitations, but at His indwelling power.

It shall perhaps again be THANKSGIVING DAY by the time this reaches you. Perhaps this day shall already have passed. In any case, I feel it my heartfelt duty to once more by way of repetition to plea for our poor Dyaks. Large and small, we urge each one individually to "REMEMBER US," is the cry of our heart. There are so many needs here that cannot possibly be enumerated one by one."

In a recent article, he states, "We cannot and may not steal." When things are required, we have no recourse to other than to you besides our Master. Rightfully money should not even be loaned, even tho we personally might have the assurance of being able to reimburse it soon. We are sometimes advised to keep our own support separate from the needs of the work in the stations, schools and outposts, but you will realize, dear friends, that in essence the work and we are one. For days at a time we have lived on very meager fare to keep up all the work. Through it all our bodies have ebbed in strength, but the Lord has been our strength and our fortress. We have had what we needed through it all, and we have as yet no regret that we have been able to maintain the work.

We have, however, been forced to close two of our furthest outposts, which is to us a cause of deep sorrow and I am sure to all who have this work on their hearts. It cannot be the Lord's will that the

work that was begun here must be evacuated due to lack of interest. God forbid! As long as there is a drop of blood in me I shall sacrifice it for the cause for which I came out here, i. e., that the Dyaks may learn of Him and be saved, and through it all His coming hastened. We are reckoning on the support and cooperation of every reader. Pray for us that the Gospel might pierce through to the interior and that we might not be overcome through fatigue and loneliness.

As ever for the welfare of our Dyaks,

JOHN G. BREMAN.

LETTER FROM MRS. J. G. BREMAN

Greetings from Dyak Land:

As this letter is being written, the evening has come softly covering the Island with darkness. It is unusual this evening not to hear the Dyak drums and gongs from some heathen village. At the mission station all is quiet except at the boys' hut and the millions of forest insects praising the Lord in the only way they know. But somewhere not far off there is a roadside meeting going on. At home we used to go to the brickyards, factories, Columbus Circle and Times Square and other places. Here in Borneo are also highways and byways where the news of Salvation must be brought. After working on the roads and bridges all day, the Dyaks rest in temporary shunties at night. They gladly leave their rice pots to gather around Mr. Breman and the evangelist to hear of Jesus and His love to them. Pray, dear friends, for the roadside meetings in Borneo.

The second chapel for worship among the Dyak people of West Borneo is nearly complete. Your and our prayers have been answered and soon D. V. the Lord shall be praised in a House of Prayer. You who pray specially for the Lord's work at Soengai Batoeng, be encouraged, for on Sundays the schoolhouse is crowded. The teacher and preacher there is surely used of God's spirit. The other places also have good attendance. The preaching includes the birth, work, death, resurrection and coming again of the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son. PRAY for the preaching of God's blessed word.

We wish for time to tell of incidents in the work which gives cause to praise the Lord.

One of our barnyard pets at present is another monster Sawah snake, about 15 feet long. It is a "gift" from a native friend who found him crawling through his roof. This skin we also hope to show you some day. His insides will make a feast for our Dyak folks.

The wood eating ants keep us busy moving our furniture. They got into two of our steamer trunks, **destroying the entire contents.** Perhaps it was the work of only a day or two for them to get through the key hole and to make dust of



The Cobra—a large snake found in the Philippines and Borneo

everything except the buttons. Opening the trunks was like opening old coffins, so the best way is to bury it deep. Indeed a big loss for us. Goeroe Markus told of one Christian who has a very bad sword wound in his foot. Thinking he might die, he prayed earnestly: "Lord Jesus, help me, have mercy, I ask in Thy Name, Amen." At one time this man was a believer in idols, charms and evil spirits. Goeroe Mairuhu, upon going to a village with Gospel, came just in time to prevent a teacher of the Roman faith to sow his seed. Goeroe Noya rescued several of his boys who were being lured into Roman paths. The request last month for an assistant teacher for Seroekoem is fulfilled both Roefinus and his support.

Due to lots of sickness, the Training School boys have spent much time in the villages. They go off with the Word of God in their hearts. They take with them Bible pictures to aid in their teaching and Gospels are sold when asked for. Please PRAY for all the school work, for each soul with whom we come in contact.

The GOSPEL CHARIOT makes possible the evening roadside meetings, bringing sick ones to and fro, selling and distribution of the Word of God, and more frequent visits to the schools and villages. It is impossible for us to write our appreciation or to tell how much the car hastens the Lord's work. It was laid upon the heart of a brother in the home-land to supply West Borneo with the first Gospel Chariot. Our baby organ shall get many a joy ride, we assure you. May the Lord in His abundant way bless richly this faithful steward.

Our hearty thanks to the thoughtful friends who sent post cards, baby clothes, magazines, and a few good books, used articles, but in perfect condition and so welcomed out here.

As this letter closes, the sound of heathen worship comes through the air. Somewhere is a sick one, a native priest bending over the suffering one with charms, dancing, offering gifts and calling to the evil spirits to have mercy to leave the body of the suffering one. Will YOU not join us with heart and hand that they may come to know Him whom to know is life and liberty?



Write in for more information to our home office regarding the fields, the workers, the board, the support, the sending of clothes, medicines, and literature.

The Christmas boxes will soon go forward so if you wish to have a little share please be prompt.

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